

EXHIBIT I

EXT. CARRIER - LATE AFTERNOON

*

WIDE on the sea --- behind an AIRCRAFT CARRIER pitching like a motherfucker in 20-30 swells. It's winter; cold and icy. The rear of the carrier reads: THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

EXT. DECK - USS THEODORE ROOSEVELT - CONTINUOUS

TWO F-35s, cutting-edge, stealth strike-fighters, sit in staggered formation on the deck/catapult launchers. Both Jets have a stealth-material covered CAMERA POD mounted tight under the fuselage.

DECK CREW stagger against the rolling of the ship as they perform the complex ballet of launch preparation.

ANGLE CLOSE BEHIND ONE OF THE COCKPITS - watching as the view ahead pitches from sky to sea and back.

Scrawled under the canopy window is LT. S. GRAY "TOEJAM". Toejam glances over at the other F-35.

TOEJAM

Hammer 1-2, Hammer 1-1, you up?

The voice of the other pilot, LT. BRADLEY BRADSHAW "SPANKY", crackles over the radio.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (over radio)

Hammer 1-1, yeah.

TOEJAM

Damn, Spanky, are they really gonna shoot us in this?

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (over radio)

I'm not sweating the launch, I'm sweating the landing. 30 foot pitch, at night, bad weather in a \$200 million dollar piece of hardware --- Pucker-factor's off the chart.

TOEJAM

Thanks for the pep-talk, bro.

INT. TFCC - USS THEODORE ROOSEVELT - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON coffee in a cup, sloshing to match the pitch of the ship. REAR ADMIRAL SINGER taps an impatient tattoo on the cup's rim as he watches his STAFF, 8-10 men and women, hard at work in front of War-Games style LCD screens. Everyone's wearing a USS THEODORE ROOSEVELT ballcap.

On the screens: maps, weather reports and video feeds of the 2 F-35s waiting on the deck.

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2.

There's a BEEP as a message comes thru on a MIRC-CHAT computer. A STAFFER glances at it.

STAFFER

Admiral. Just got the DIP clearance
from EU-comm.

Admiral Singer stops his tapping, picks up a phone.

REAR ADMIRAL

Shoot 'em.

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Engines of the two F-35s spool up into a KEENING HOWL,
Bradshaw's cockpit vibrating with restrained fury of 30,000
lbs of thrust ---

With a ROAR we're hurtled forward, 0 to 165 mph in 2.3 seconds ---
The 2 F-35s ripping off the edge of carrier in a simultaneous
launch ---

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)

102 airborne.

TOEJAM (over radio)

103 airborne.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)

Hammer, proceeding two-niner-four at
flight level two-two-zero for Tanker
rendezvous.

EXT./INT. E-2C AWAC/HAWKEYE - LATER

A Hawkeye reconnaissance plane rumbles above the clouds. 2
turbo-prop engines rumbling, giant circular radar dome mounted
above its wings.

Inside: 2 PILOTS up front. 2 TECHS and the AIR CONTROL OFFICER
sit sideways, staring at the digital screens, using laser
pens to mark and track and manage air traffic over the region.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (into radio)

King, Hammer 1-1, stand by to copy,
changes to sitrep alpha.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (over radio)

Hammer 1-1, Ready to Copy.

The "yellow brick road" of the F35s flight path is marked
out and the ACO is marking out additional ICONS along the
path. EACH is designated SAM "Surface-to-air-Missiles".

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AIR CONTROL OFFICER (into radio)
King. Convoy tracking. Rolex 10
minutes. Multiple SAM sites active
along your route. A single group of
Vultures on your nose, 40 miles hot.
It's all in your link.

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

POV BRADSHAW: the inside of his HUD (Heads Up Display) helmet flickers to life with the same data we just saw in the Hawkeye. Route markers, diagnostics and three dimensional icons of the enemy planes, terrain and SAM sites are transposed over a real-time, 360-degree feed from cameras on the outside of his plane, literally allowing him to look through the plane and see the world below.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1. Rolex 10. Understand we
have clearance to hold over friendly
airspace.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King. Copy. You are cleared.

Bradshaw turns his attention to the two "vulture" icons, pulling the data into focus: they're archaic F-14s.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Booger-eaters were right, I can't
believe Kozolov's airforce is really
flying those things.

INT. TOEJAM'S COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Toejam eyes the F-14 data and grins.

TOEJAM (into radio)
Man, I'd give my left nut to fly one
of those things. It's a damn hot
rod. An AC Shelby Cobra.

BRADSHAW (over radio)
Thing's a piece of shit. Hydraulic
lines snapped any time you pulled
hard, engine stall-outs at random.
Always broken. They're in museums on
a stick for a reason.

*

TOEJAM (into radio)
Whatever man, nothing's faster.

*

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
(unconvinced)
Yeah, well, they'll never see us,
just keep an eye peeled for their Su
pals.

TOEJAM (over radio)
Copy that.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King, Hammer 1-1. Push.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1. Pushing.

EXT./INT. F-35S - VARIOUS

Bradshaw and Toejam throttle hard into enemy territory ---

High altitude over thick clouds --- brief gaps in the cloud-
cover reveal heavily mountainous, gnarly topography.

They follow the path indicated in their HUDS, threading around
the SAM-location icons which visibly track past via the "see-
thru" effect of the Helmet's HUD.

INT./EXT. F-35S - ENEMY TERRITORY - TWILIGHT

The F-35s duck just below the clouds for the first time ---- *

In the HUD a target reticule lights up, approaching directly
ahead ---

Bradshaw flips a switch on his stick.

EXT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Bradshaw's Camera Pod, through a glass cover, we
see a series of lens shift focus and start clicking away.

EXT. SECRET ENEMY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

HIGH OVER an unknown industrial facility set at the base of
a granite mountain. Small moving lights indicate a Convoy of
Trucks rolling in.

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER *

A Green light appears on Bradshaw's HUD.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1, Kodak complete.

5.

TOEJAM (over radio)
Hammer 1-2, Kodak complete.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King. Copies. Kodak Complete.

BRADSHAW (into radio)
Hammer. Egress flow point.

The F-35s pull up into the clouds and turn to head back home. *

BRADSHAW (into radio) (CONT'D)
Hammer 1-2, what's your fuel state?

TOEJAM (over radio)
9-5. Hurting but ok.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Me too. Let's make a run for the
border.

EXT. F-35S - MINUTES LATER

The clouds below them are dissipating. More of the mountainous terrain visible.

INT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - MOMENTS LATER

The HUD display shows an approaching MARKER-LINE for the border into friendly territory. Bradshaw's F-35 is a mile ahead of Toejam's F-35. SUDDENLY:

TOEJAM (over radio)
(surprised concern)
Hammer 1-2, Spiked! Zero-nine-zero.

Toejam's F-35 suddenly veers off course.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King Hammer 1-2, Spike range Five.
Threat group hostile!

Bradshaw immediately pulls his jet into a sharp turn to match Toejam, heading back into enemy territory --- His headset starts ringing with the "WATERFALL" TONE of enemy radar detections.

TOEJAM (over radio)
(extreme panic)
Smoke in the air! Smoke in the air!

EXT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw gets visual on Toejam: his F-35 is turning and spewing ANTI-MISSILE FLARES to try to defend against missiles

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6.

launched by FOUR SU-30S ROCKETING OUT FROM HIDING AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS!

BRADSHAW (over radio)
1-2. Break left! Tally four! One's
on your six!

Before Toejam can respond, a missile smashes into his F-35
and his jet EXPLODES! *

BRADSHAW (CONT'D)
Holy Shit!

Bradshaw fires off two missiles as he continues pulling -
trying to reorient towards friendly territory ---

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Fox-3! Fox 3! Engaged with Four Su-
30s. 1-2 is down!

EXT. SU-30S - CONTINUOUS

One of the enemy Su-30s explodes, but another of the Su's
spits off from the pack, heading directly at Bradshaw ---

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The high pitched warble of a missile lock tone suddenly spikes
loud in his ears --- the approaching SU LAUNCHES A MISSILE!
His HUD instantly flashes a line identifying the incoming
threat ---

EXT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw fires a missile of his own then jerks his plane
into a new arc and starts dumping CHAFF and FLARES --- pulling
serious G's --- grunting from the pressure ---

The enemy missile spins off away from him, detonating on a
flare --- but his missile misses as well ---

Bradshaw veers off and disengages, diving to gain speed and
heading away from the enemy at full after-burners, heading
into the radar-blocking shelter of the mountains.

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

He's too busy flying and scanning for enemy planes to
recognize a looming SAM-location beacon on his HUD.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
King, Hammer 1-1. Flowing zero-nine-
zero. Picture?

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7.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
Hammer 1-1 King. Threat group flow
cold. Singer-6 active! Your right!
Two-O'clock! Flow South!

SUDDENLY a different missile-lock tone CHIRPS over his
headset.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1, notched!

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King's got Sa-2 launch. 2 launched.

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN - CONTINUOUS

PLUMES OF SMOKE as a Surface-to-Air-Missile streaks up at
him from the ground.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1, defending SA-2!

EXT./INT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw jerks into evasive "bathtub" maneuvers, swinging
from side to side, dumping chaff.

The missile curls wide --- a miss.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1, naked. Egressing
four-two-twenty at point seven ---

Another missile-lock CHIRP. Another SAM missile streaks into
the sky ahead of him,

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
(concerned)
SAM launched!

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
Hammer 1-1, defending nose!

Bradshaw throws the jet into a tight arc, more chaff and
flares --- He grunts against the sudden increase in G-forces ---
the Missile spirals away --- a miss.

EXT. BRADSHAW'S F-35 - CONTINUOUS

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
Hammer 1-1, status?

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY
Naked. Egressing!

8.

CHIRP! Another Missile-lock. White exhaust smoke spirals upwards from an approaching SAM missile ---

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
Another SAM launching! Another SAM
launching! Same location.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY
(panic edging in)
SAM! SAM! Southwest.

INT. BRADSHAW'S COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw bucks the jet into a violent pull, hauling ass, smashing himself with G-forces. Dropping Chaff. He starts forced, heavy breathing to keep from blacking out ---

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
(worried shout)
Hammer 1-1, go southeast now!

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY
(gasping)
Hammer 1, Defending!

CHIRP!

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Bradshaw jerks his jet into a twisting spiral, Grunts/YELLS in fear and pain as the G's slam him into his seat. Dumping chaff.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (CONT'D)
(borderline frantic)
Hammer 1, defending six!

The missile explodes on chaff a few hundred feet behind the F-35.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
(frantic concern)
Hammer 1, you still there?

CHIRP!

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio) (CONT'D)
(shouting)
SAM launched! SAM launched!

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY
(panicked gasp)
Defending! Fuck!

9.

Bradshaw dives and turns, mountain peaks flashing past his canopy - The SAM Missile streaks by a split second later ---

CHIRP!

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (CONT'D)
(fearful shout)
Fuck! Another one. Defending!

Another roll and turn maneuver - straining to breath against the G's - fighting off a blackout --- The SAM spirals away ---

Bradshaw levels out --- desperately scanning the terrain for threats --- the Radar Warning system is silent --- all we hear is Bradshaw's intensely stressed breathing.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
Hammer 1-1, King. Show you over friendly territory. Are you ok?

Bradshaw can't respond --- too busy trying to bring his racing heart and breathing under control.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (CONT'D)
Hammer 1-1, King. What's your status?
You all right?
(getting no response)
Hammer 1-1 King. Hey man, are you all right?

Bradshaw finally calms enough to talk. Pure relief washes over him.

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
King, Hammer 1-1. I'm ok. I'm RTB, RUH to relay Kodak.

AIR CONTROL OFFICER (over radio)
King. Hammer, can you confirm no chute on 1-2?

LT. BRADSHAW/SPANKY (into radio)
(pained beat)
Affirm. Negative chute.

Bradshaw's eyes say it all: anger and pain. Choking back tears.

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